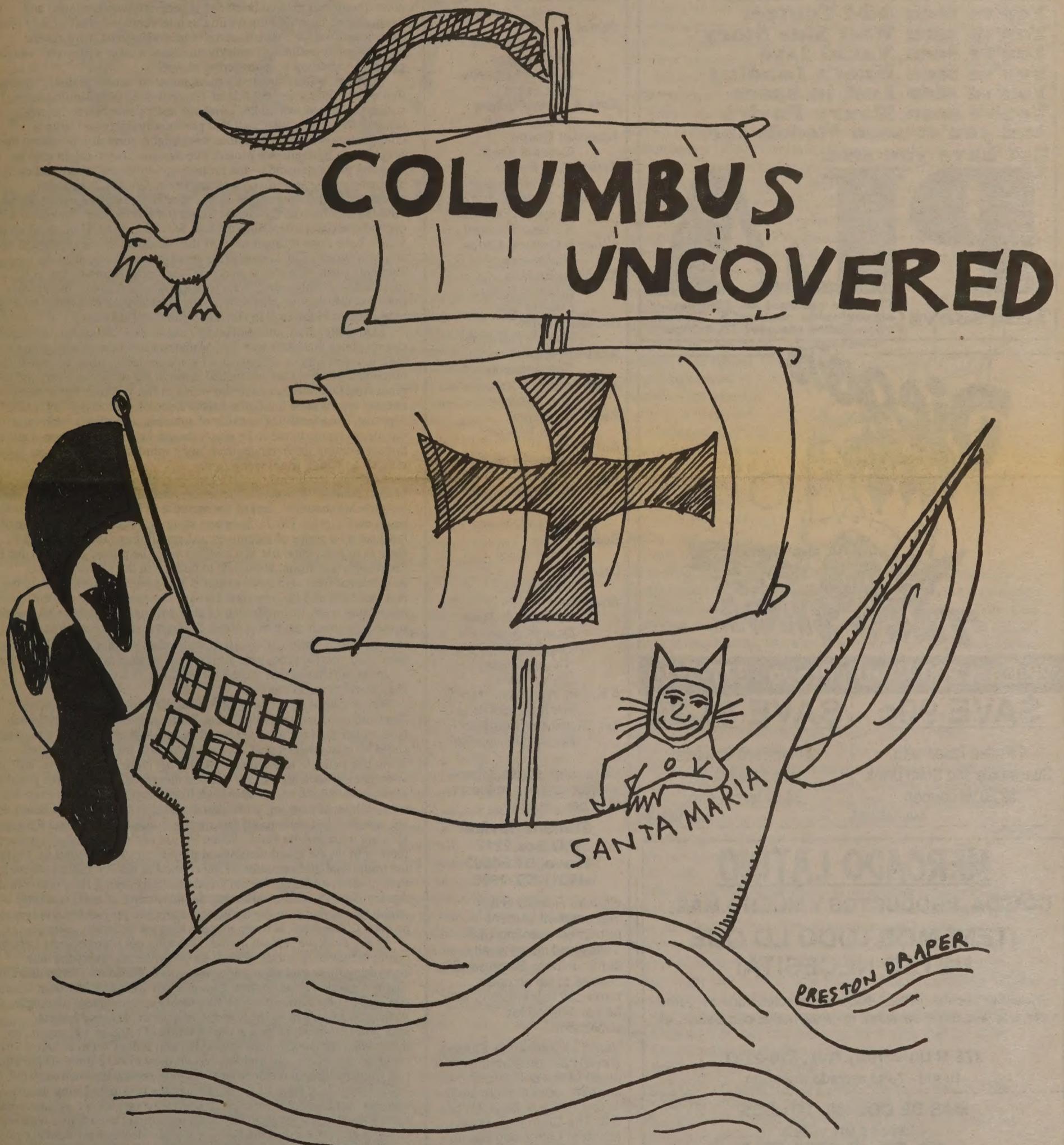


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# STUDENT REVIEW

BYU's UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • OCTOBER 12, 1994



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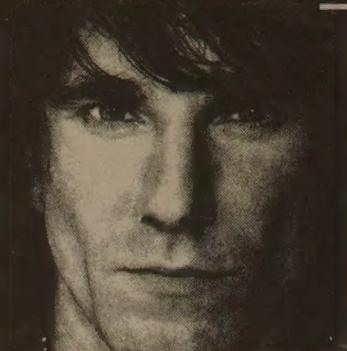
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## STUDENT REVIEW

ALL THINGS TO ALL PEOPLE

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DESIGN

SCOTT WHITMORE  
ANJI SANDAGE  
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### Student Review

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Student Review is an independent student publication serving Utah Valley and its university communities. Because SR aspires to be an open forum, all submissions will be considered for publication.

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Dear Editor,

*Student Review* has served its purpose (or, perhaps, merely served a purpose) once again: it's made me think. Specifically, Scott Craig's Editor's Note and Dr. Lambson's article "How to Choose a Political Label" in the September 28th issue somehow met and mated in my mind, producing offspring. Thought I might show off some of the fruits.

I hate having my liberal sympathies called on the spot; it's so much more comfortable to claim some sort of political independence (or, failing that, something I vaguely refer to as "leftism"). But the fact is, as far as I can tell from what I feel, I'm a liberal interventionist (or, at least, I believe in intervening liberally); I believe, in other words, in ideological constructs, like *Sesame Street*. In most regards (though not, I hasten to add, in all) I would rather have *Sesame Street* than Haiti, than Somalia, than the South Bronx. I know that there is an arrogance in this, and a hypocrisy. Arrogance because I am presupposing my own vision of "righteousness" (the absence of murder, starvation, and litter) and a host of particulars that come with it, as a basis of judging others: not necessarily a bad thing in itself, but certainly a rather self-serving justification for intervening in and constructing others' lives. Hypocrisy because, as Dr. Lambson made plain, the liberal wish to intervene is generally weak-minded and haphazard at best. (If I am willing to intervene on behalf of the "Native American lifestyle," which seems to be endangered, why not the "environment-polluting Pennsylvania steel-worker's lifestyle" which global competition is endangering as well?)

But then, is the supposedly more nuanced, more "realistic" (a term that makes little sense outside of Western-style political discourse, I suspect) position, which Dr. Lambson aptly described as "more-rational-than-thou," really all that profoundly different? Who is . constructing whom here? Those who might, correctly, point out the propaganda inherent in a project like *Sesame Street* might also be ignoring the propaganda—the projecting—involving in any and every alternative to *Sesame Street*'s clean streets. Consider: America possesses the military might and economic strength to make Haiti a fairly safe colony of the United States if we so wished, complete with cheap hotels and interesting trinkets for the tourists. Hell, that's exactly what's been done through most of the Caribbean anyway, though not in so many words. The choice to do so, or not to do so, or to do something else entirely, is an act of—perhaps incidental but still inevitable—constructing. Who is safer, who is happier: the voodoo priestess running for her life from political zealots or the guy serving piña coladas to fat guys in Hawaiian shirts in Barbados?

That choice may not be entirely America's to make, but we certainly cannot claim that our every act, or non-act, isn't eventually going to be part, intentionally or otherwise, of some project—some constructing of outcomes. No one flies untouched through the universe; everyone has a plan. America may not have the world in our pockets, but it seems to me that we all have hold of at least ourselves. Assessing "interests," "options," and "realities" outside of agendas, aspirations, plans and intentions seems to me to be pretty damned narrow. But then, I admit that applauding the homogenized "open-mindedness" of *Sesame Street* may be an equal, if not worse, sin.

I wonder about God, and if even He is above all these questions. Is God a socialist? It makes some sense; after all, "the government shall be upon his shoulder...and of the increase of his government there shall be no end" (Isaiah 9:6-7). Scripture slinging aside, God does seem to have set up a series of incentives and prohibitions that "restrict all aspects of individual life that conflict with the public good," to use Dr. Lambson's definition. He seems to believe in the power of good government (that said government is His own is irrelevant). And the fact that faith and the priesthood power can presumably move mountains seems to imply that God is willing to deal humankind into something much more than warm feelings and personal strength: this is raw, universal, seriously-interfere-with-other-peoples'-lifestyle power here. And yet, He predicates it upon "righteousness"—a blatant attempt to stamp out diversity if there ever was one. Is God so above ideological projects then?

But of course, is it really God doing it? Scott alluded to an "invisible police force" regulating *Sesame Street*; is it possible that God, rather than the absolute be-all and end-all of the Total Everything, could be some sort of beat cop, working with the laws of the universe as He has come to know them? Maybe *all there is* is projects, with one or another agenda all laid out. Maybe there is no escaping the problem of projects. Which means that God, like everyone else who ever was or ever will be, is working with what is. He may understand it better than anyone else, but perhaps all that means is that He's the Head Cop and He's got a great Rule Book. When He got our world going, it was one more spin on the grand ideological project going on around us. Perhaps the traditional interpretation of the council in heaven (Satan offering to save us all in exchange for our freedom; Jesus saying He'd preserve our agency even if it meant allowing the possibility of evil) is a little simplistic; perhaps, in the midst of a universal project (or a universe of projects), "freedom" is more slippery than we generally assume.

In any case, we remain mortals, working our own projects (whether openly-admitted or subtly denied) on ourselves and everyone and everything that's part of our personal stories. Freedom—even anarchy—seems a good project, though it is only one of many. My own liberal predilection for *Sesame Street*, like most Enlightenment ideologies, has some grave flaws in it: the worship of science, law and lowest-common-denominator peace, the rejection of religion and magic, an unworkable reliance on the individual. But it does seem to take a strong stand against chaos and murder, and does try to keep litter off the street. I recognize a pragmatic need to constantly review my own projects, but I also reserve the right to judge other projects as best I may. In my opinion, *Sesame Street*, like *Student Review* (which we all know has had projects *ad nauseam* in the past), has not yet been found wanting. Besides, the cops enforcing *Sesame Street*'s ideology are actually pretty lax: Big Bird remains a gender-neutral animal, with no kids' rights agenda in sight; Luis and Maria got married in a very proper and traditional ceremony; and Bert and Ernie contrary to popular rumor and innuendo, are only good friends.

Best Wishes,

Russell A. Fox  
Russell Arben Fox

## My Non-Suicide Note

BY SUZANNE BENNER

To whom it may concern, I know this may seem selfish to you—sometimes it seems selfish to me—but I am going to keep on living. There are so many reasons not to, I know. My relationships are either going nowhere or in the wrong direction, my relationship with God is in the toilet, and my grades suck. I'll never be able to get into graduate school. Even my psychologist is disappointed in me. No matter what I do, I'll never be able to measure up to people's and God's expectations. I feel like I'm just not good enough.

The sun is shining outside  
the leaves are beautiful

I manipulate people all the time. I want them to tell me that I am cool or beautiful, because I am insecure. I know what I am doing wrong in my life, but I still do it—and I know that God has no tolerance for the intentional sinner. When I do die of natural causes (like a truck), I know that God will judge me fairly and kindly, and send me to the terrestrial (or celestial) kingdom. In my life I get by. I do not excel.

I like it when the dry leaves crunch under my feet  
and when the bushes feel bristly against my leg

When I was twelve years old, I was so angry once that I slammed a door on a little boy's hand and cut half his finger off. I used to have a roommate that I didn't even talk to unless I was forced. I don't even know why—she wasn't a bad person, I just couldn't deal with her. That happens with a lot of things. I want to stop doing stupid things and take more responsibility for my life, and I want God to approve of me, but I never do anything about it. I never want it *enough* to take some appropriate action. Sure, I've tried from time to time, but it never lasts. I always go back to the same old mistakes, the same old premeditated sin that got me into trouble in the first place.

It is almost useless to try to repent anymore. God has given me millions of chances; I have given myself millions of chances. I am way over the limit, way beyond what I deserve. God still loves me and wants me to change, but I don't think there is much chance of it happening.

Do you ever wake up  
feeling clean and alive

I read Sylvia Plath's

*The Bell Jar* a few months ago, and I liked the part about how she bought some razor blades and kept them under the mat in the bathroom. So, I swiped some razor blades from the place I worked and kept them in my desk drawer. I thought it was funny. My best friend did not. She thought it was horrible. She tried to humor me, but also to talk me out of killing myself.

I like laying down on the grass when it is inky black  
seeing the stars

Maybe this doesn't make sense to you. I'll try to explain. See, the summer after my sophomore year in high school my friend Sandy called me, very upset. I was at a neighbor's house eating dinner with my family, and I was very surprised to get a phone call. She told me about a suicide that was going to happen, a person we both knew. Tom was going to go up in his plane and "accidentally" crash it so his daughter Christina would get the insurance money.

I called my sister today to tell her happy birthday  
she said I love you  
she's six

Tom had cancer, and Sandy made me promise not to tell Christina he was going to kill himself. I think she just wanted someone to share in her panic attack. The call made me upset, and I wanted to do something. My dad drove me home, and then he went back to the dinner. I called my bishop. I didn't realize then how hard it is for bishops to get calls in the middle of the evening. He probably thought I was pregnant or something. He seemed kind of relieved when I told him what was up. He calmed me down, said it probably wouldn't happen, that people talk that way sometimes when they are upset.

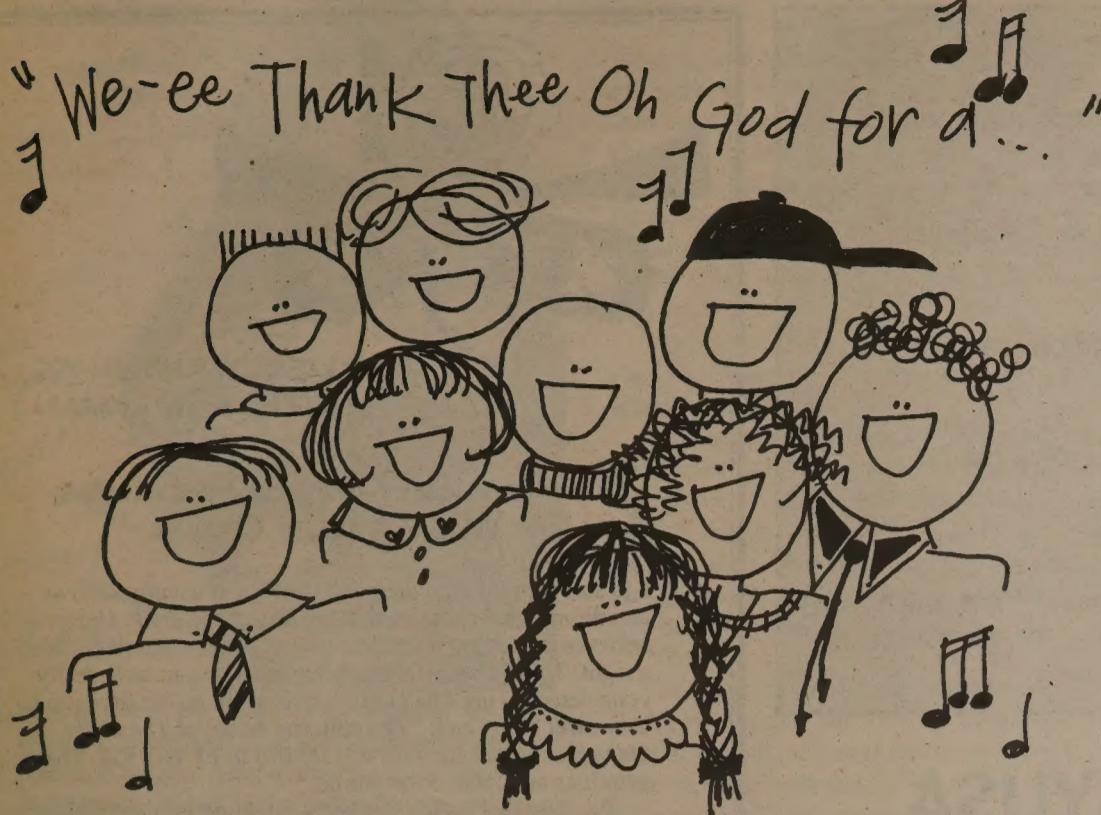
I found a yellow highlighter in the couagreat today  
I drew a picture of a fish with it

The bishop's counsel was wise; maybe he was right. I was still upset, but there was nothing else I could think of to do.

Christina's father killed himself the next month, on my birthday. my friend and I sat out on the lawn and ate a cake right out of the pan  
we threw some at each other

At Tom's funeral I listened to everyone talk about what a great guy he had been. I think that Sandy and I were the only ones there who knew he had committed suicide.

"SUICIDE" CONT. PAGE 8



## PARADOXICAL PROSELYTIZING PUPPETS

BY EMILY ASPLUND

On Thursday October 6, as I was walking toward the JKHB, I saw a huge crowd of people gathered where the sidewalks cross in front of the HFAC. Above the crowd there was a banner painted with hands reaching upward on a red background and another banner which said something like "You are *not* saved." As I walked toward the crowd I heard voices singing a hymn, and behind them I could hear a man's voice shouting, apparently calling the crowd to repentance. Then I heard another man's voice, not a preaching voice, but a flippant, derisive voice. I couldn't hear what he said, but I did hear the whole crowd of BYU students laugh. I pushed my way to the front of the crowd and saw, in an open space in the middle of the crowd, a man holding an upright cross. There were men holding his arms, some of them policemen, and his wife and about five small blond children, all wearing kerchiefs, were getting together their banners, preparing to leave. The man and woman were still preaching as the policemen took the man away. One of the children was crying. As he was being dragged away the man said something about how we were all going to hell; a man in front of me, a BYU student, said "Well I guess I'll see you there," to a roar of obnoxious laughter from the crowd. Somebody said, "We pay tuition here," and "get off our property." Many people in the crowd were making wisecracks and laughing; their laughter was not lighthearted, it was sneering. The woman was saying that they didn't have to drag her husband away: "He's a father; we were just packing up our stuff." As she walked through the crowd with her banners and her children she said, "You're all puppets."

I'm not sure I would agree that we're puppets, but there was something terribly wrong with what happened that day. I don't think words can describe the anger and astonishment and frustration and pity I felt standing in a crowd of my people; this wasn't the Mormonism I grew up with in Eastern Canada, where everyone knew you were a Mormon and you behaved like you were. This wasn't the Mormonism of Joseph Smith's time, when members had to bind together against the threat of mobs. I feel that this incident has been significant in making salient to me the direction The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints has taken. We no longer see ourselves as lonely followers of prophets and of Christ, anomalies within a corrupt society. We are so isolated that we don't feel unique anymore. Today we have changed places; we are the mob, persecuting a small religious group just because we don't

If we are puppets, we are not under the control of a fascist Board of Trustees; we might, however, be under the control of our own pride and self-righteousness.

status we now occupy, we are certainly not under the control of a merciful and loving God who commands us to love ourselves and one another.



## Top Twenty

1. lard-free burritos
2. natural-born kissers
3. computer gurus
4. Halloween Oreos
5. painted toenails
6. Saturn commercials
7. Buffalo Jeans ads
8. crunching pods
9. banana slurpees
10. ever-so-quick service at the Taco Bell drive-through
11. Saturday morning cartoons
12. chewy Sprees
13. O'Doul's in the Twilight Zone fridge
14. cherry-lime rickey Snapples
15. Hugh Grant
16. Toilet Duck
17. Dixieland band concerts
18. Animaniacs
19. Quiz Show
20. unlimited Signature cards

## Bottom Ten

dripping lightbulbs, sudden winter, wet toes, Octubafest, O.J. Simpson trial, fruit flies in Food Service containers, diarrhea, being set up with your brother's 30 year-old friend, Top Ramen, grand opening of the Varsity

## FINDING MY IDENTITY WITH BYUSA

BY KATHLEEN PETERSON

Before you read this, I want to assure you that I bear no vindictive feelings about BYUSA, because there's nothing I want more than to be a part of this organization. You see, at the beginning of the school year I realized I had no identity, and so I decided to join a club that would give me one. I took a quick survey of all the BYU clubs and realized that I have no abilities, skills, or even a personality that would make me qualified enough to join a club. Then I discovered BYUSA, and I had a strong feeling that I would belong.

I excitedly dragged my roommates to the 4th floor of the Wilkinson center and announced our arrival. I was jumping up and down with anticipation. Imagine all of the possibilities I had with this club! We looked

into different service projects and faked an interest in them (I whispered to my roommate, "Service is dumb") while we signed up our names for every activity possible. I told the girl we'd be willing to do anything.

"Don't call us, we'll call you," was her response.

I waited anxiously for four weeks. I know several high power BYUSA people (well, sort of know), and so when I didn't get called, I started to complain to them. Each of them would open up their Franklin Planner and put my name and number in it.

One boy asked, "Exactly what do you want to do in BYUSA?"

I confessed, "I've always want to ride around in a BYUSA van—just to feel the BYUSA aura."

He raised his eyebrow and said, "We'll see what we can do."

"When are you going to call me?"

"Actually, I won't call you. I will assign

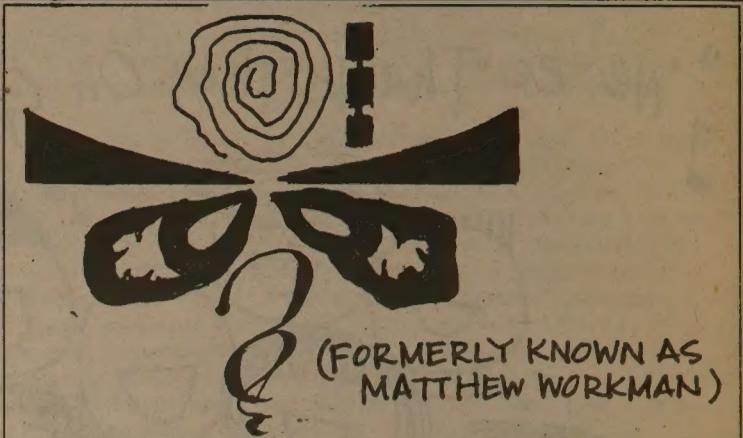
someone who works for me to call you."

I was extremely embarrassed. I had the nerve to ask deity to give me a ring. I quickly apologized and turned around to hide my red face. Meanwhile, I wait. I know I have had my phone number written down hundreds of times on different BYUSA sign-up sheets, but I still have not received my call to serve.

The biggest irony is that I know I could do it. I have the natural abilities to become BYUSA president. First of all, I commit to everything and follow through with nothing. I love volunteering for important projects and then "forgetting" about them so I can watch them flop four weeks later. Second, I have always defended BYU on every issue that has been raised against it. I have rigorously supported the school on such issues as lack of parking spaces (we have more parking than any other school in the nation—just ask the Vice-President of Administration), the textbook buy-back policy (the 20% difference they make goes to support the Cecilia Farr opposition), and even the Honor Code (if you've ever been reported, you can thank me for your salvation). Finally, and most importantly, I have the BYUSA image. Happiness just flows out of me, and I can't help but smile at everyone I see. I love to say hello to people by their first name. (Of course, I usually say the wrong first name but that is inconsequential. I know this is a trait BYUSA is looking for because I have been called "Jessica, Christine, Rachel, and Katherine" by various BYUSA leaders. That's OK though. I really like those names). I also think that I would be really good at sincerely asking someone how they are doing and then turning around just before they answer so that I can talk to a more important person.

Still, I am an outsider and my desperation has led me to join another organization, *Student Review*. At the first meeting I knew that I would not be fully utilized. The first thing they had the nerve to ask was what sort of skills I had. Did it ever occur to them that some people are above skills, and that some people shouldn't have to lower themselves to do such menial responsibilities such as typing, calling people, editing, and lowest of all, writing? Of course I don't possess any of these skills but who says I want them? I was made for greater things. And so here I am this weekend writing a stupid article for this stupid paper when I could be out riding in a big blue van. They even had the nerve to ask me to be temporary section editor (how low can they get?) over *Campus Life*. I have never been more miserable, but there is a glimmer of hope in me. Tonight, I will anxiously go home to listen to my answering machine. Tonight will be the night...."

Note: Believe it or not, when I went home on the day I wrote this, I did get a call from BYUSA. I've been asked to work at the homecoming booth next week. If you see me, I will be smiling very big and calling you by name.



I WENT TO A DAILY UNIVERSE MEETING AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY COLUMN

I'm sure you've seen the notice before. It usually follows an editorial that reads something like: "The Daily Universe believes that a low priced taco salad is not a privilege, but a right. Think about it." But how many of you have really considered taking *The Daily Universe* up on the invitation they offer at the end: "The editorial board of *The Daily Universe* meets Mondays at 3:00 PM in ELWC 538. These meetings are open to the public?"

Reading that notice sparked something in me. I realized it was time once again to infiltrate the evil empire that is our on-campus newspaper. For those of you who are not too bright, please allow me to explain some important facts to you. There is a difference between on and off-campus papers. *The Daily Universe* is an on-campus newspaper, and that means it is bad. It is obviously a tool of the administration used to control young and impressionable students like yourself by printing articles with headlines like "Rex Lee Voted Coolest Guy Earth."

The paper you are reading right now is an off-campus paper (and shame on you for reading it). This means that we can have a lot more fun and print headlines like "Daily Universe Editor Kills 85 Year-Old Woman In South America." This is good for several reasons. First, because we are not under the direction of any BYU department, we are able to exercise our First Amendment rights to their fullest extent by probing the vital issues of the day, and then quickly changing our legal names if the story is somehow inaccurate. Second, the *Daily Universe* editor really did kill a lady in South America, and I bet that no other paper will tell you about it. More on that later.

Anyway, I decided to visit one of these meetings to expose the evil that dwells on the Fifth Floor. With any luck, those unlucky editors would slip up and begin talking about the secret combination they formed between the *Daily Universe*, BYUSA, and the administration. I was also hoping they would say lots of stupid stuff that I could make fun of in a humor column.

From the minute the elevator door opened, I knew I was in enemy territory. "Hey Matt, how's it going?" It was my friend Erin who now works for the Classified department.

"What are you doing here?" "Oh, nothing," I replied. I was a little worried that my cover may have been blown, but nobody else seemed to hear her. I walked up to the reception desk and said, "Hello, I'm the public and I'm here for the editorial board meeting." The woman at the desk looked at me in an odd way, but she had good reason to. I had really amused myself with my little "I'm the public" speech and was starting to giggle. I don't think I'd make a very good secret agent.

Soon I was face to face with the opinion editor of the *Daily Universe*. You could just feel the evil as he said, "Thanks for coming today! I'm Ernie, and you are?"

"Matt." I couldn't think of a really cool fake name. He lead me into the board room and offered me a seat at the table of honor.

"We have a visitor today, his name is Matt... I didn't get your last name."

"Workman." Rats! I couldn't think up a cool last name either. My cover was completely blown by this point. I felt as if I were trapped behind enemy lines. Pretty soon they would get out the devices of torture and attempt to extract the secrets of *Student Review* from me. I was a doomed man.

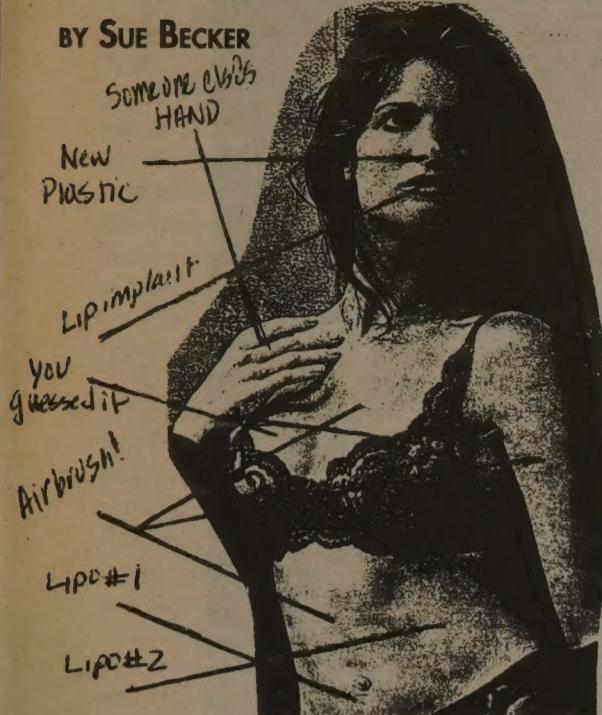
"Hey, you're that guy from *Student Review*!" It was the kingpin himself, Matt Franck, editor-in-chief. I smiled sheepishly, but I vowed that all they would get from me was my name, major, and hometown. "You write the column with-so-many-thousand-wasted-words, right? I enjoy reading your column; that's some very funny stuff." That's when I knew there would be problems. The meeting hadn't even started yet and already they were ruining my column. First they're nice to me, then they say nice things about my columns. If Hitler came back from the dead and sent me a piece of fan mail, I would probably think he was Mother Teresa. Now I faced a similar problem.

My mind raced back to a *Daily Universe* party I infiltrated two years ago. I went with the hopes that they

"WASTED CHARACTERS" CONT. PAGE 11

# "MY EPIPHANY WITH VICTORIA'S SECRET"

BY SUE BECKER



In primitive times, male-female relationships began when the aggressive male saw the attractive but oblivious female. After a few grunts, he would stumble over to her, look into her glazed eyes, throw her over his shoulders like a sack of flour, and then stomp off into the sunset. This romantic tradition, however, has slowly begun to fade. Male aggressors are now on the endangered species list, and in a few years, they will be extinct. Now females must somehow convince males that they are worthy of being thrown around and carried off into the sunset. (I am a female and thus exempt from the obligation that my imagery be politically correct). However, there is one catch. The modern woman must *be* aggressive but *act* oblivious. I, myself am much more comfortable being the primitive woman (obliviousness has always come quite naturally to me), and so my feet have stood firmly planted waiting for the day when a man will sweep me off the ground and carry me to his cave. Obviously, I am still grounded.

My mother is very concerned about the absence of men in my life. Every Sunday night, she calls and asks me if I went on any dates during the weekend. I always have to say, "No," but then I try to assure her that I'm good at other things like, let's say, writing for the *Student Review* (of course this is of arguable merit). She then asks me very condescending questions like, "Well Sue, have you *talked* to any boys this week?"

My dad gives me the "sweet spirit" speech and reaffirmingly says, "Even though your mom stewes and frets and cries about your lack of a social life, don't worry. Eventually some man will discover your true qualities and will love you for them. I really think you will turn out OK in the end."

"Thanks, Dad."

Nonnie (she won't let us call her grandmother; it makes her sound to old) also tries to help me out. For years, her advice has always been the same. "There are always two things you must do to attract men. First, tilt your head when you speak and second, talk in a quiet, seductive voice." (Unfortunately, seductiveness has *never* come naturally to me). I have never been able to figure out why men like tilted heads unless maybe an outward tilted head is less likely to hit his back side when he carries her like a sack of flour. Poor Nonnie. Years of coaxing me got her nowhere, and so on her last visit to my apartment, she got pretty desperate. She saw a few good-looking boys out my window and then bolted for the door. She yelled, "Hey! Hey you boys!" They kept on walking. "I'm talking to you over there by that brown car." Finally they turned around rather confusedly. "I have a darling granddaughter who says that there are *no* cute boys in her ward. You guys are *very* cute. Sue really wants to meet you, so why don't you tell me where you live?"

"Thanks, Nonnie." (Actually, I'm now best friends with these guys but only on a platonic level).

However, this weekend I went through a major epiphany. Maybe I *did* want a man, and just maybe I could do something about it. My roommate was an expert at being aggressive but acting oblivious, and so I asked her for her help. We decided to call a guy

(let's just call him Caveman) who had previously given me his phone number. My goal: to get him to feed me dinner without him *knowing* that I wanted dinner. I would have to accomplish the feat subtly. Unfortunately, all we got was the answering machine. I concentrated really hard anyway, trying to make my voice low and seductive so he would call me back. My roommate, however, was not impressed.

"When he calls back, he's not going to offer to feed you unless you hint that you're hungry on the answering machine."

I was stumped. I slowly began repeating my motto over and over again for inspiration. "Be aggressive, act oblivious, be aggressive, act oblivious." Suddenly, I got a brilliant idea. "Jen," I said to my roommate, "remember that night when Caveman and his friend came over and they kept talking about that beautiful Victoria's Secret model?"

"Yeah."

"Well, why don't I call them and pretend to be her? I can say that 'she's' really hungry and that 'she's' waiting for him at Sue's and Jen's house." Now Jen was impressed. It was a pretty good idea for a novice. There was one problem though. We couldn't remember Miss V.S.'s name.

"I guess we can't do it then," said Jen. I, however, refused to give up. For once in my life I had to do it right. I rummaged for the catalogue and then started looking in it hoping to find her name. No luck.

"I'm going to call and find out," I said.

"Who?"

"Victoria's Secret. I'm going to call and ask them the name of the model that did the lingerie section for this issue."

"Oh that will come off really great. Two girls calling to find out the name of a Victoria's Secret model." She did have a point. I was not to be conquered though.

"Don't worry, I'll do it so subtly, they won't even know I asked." I dialed the toll free number and then waited anxiously.

"Victoria's Secret, how may I help you?"

Suddenly my mind went blank.

"Uh,—I would uh—" I was grasping for anything. "I would like to place an order."

"Have you bought anything from us before?"

"No." (K-Mart was my usual store).

"Can you give us the item number of what you wanted to order?"

"Uh—yeah, (Great, all she *did* model in was lingerie) how about, uh, let's see, how about G7-46089."

"That's our Davel bra, it's \$13.99."

"Oh, I thought it was \$10.00." I looked at the catalogue and realized that it was something *else* that was priced at \$10.00. She corrected me, and then spent ten minutes demanding every piece of information possible. Unfortunately, I hadn't got my information yet.

"O.K. the final cost will be \$19.07."

"I thought it was \$13.99."

"You have to pay shipping and handling." By this time I was getting really sick of the beautiful woman in the magazine. Then I notice she had an outie! Her disgusting belly button stuck out all over her whole stomach and here she was in Victoria's Secret. I have an innie. It made me feel much better about the whole thing. Anyway, I still hadn't figured out how to ask her yet.

"Will there be anything else for you?"

"Yeah," I blurted. "Who's that model wearing the item I just ordered?" There was a long pause.

"That's Stephanie."

"Stephanie who?"

"Stephanie Seymour."

"THANK YOU!" and then I slammed down the phone. How pathetic. I just spent \$19.07 in hopes of getting a free dinner. I called the Stephanie worshippers and talked to their answering machine quite seductively. "Hello, this is Stephane Seymour, and I am really hungry." He called back, but he didn't feed me. It was worth it though. At the end of the night, he picked me up like a sack of flour and almost dropped me off of our two-story deck.

## Eavesdropper

October 4, in front of the SWKT:

Man #1: "Do you understand?"

Man #2: "Yeah, I just go up there and go naked."

Man #1: "In front of all those guys?"

Man #2: "That's the best way to show off!"

September 30, in the RB:

Girl: "So, how are your fish?"

Guy: "Fine down there, I only swallow one a day."

Girl: "Isn't that expensive?"

Guy: "Expensive, yes, but it keeps me on scholarship."

October 3, in front of the HBLL:

Elementary ed major, referring to students: "I just love teaching them so much. I look in their eyes and they have tears in them."

Female friend: "That is so sweet."

October 5, SWKT:

Guy: "He lost his arm and he didn't know what to do with it."

Girl: "Really? Pickled and all?"

Guy: "Yeah, he even put the kids through college."

October 5, in the bookstore, by the software:

Girl: "Yesterday I saw a naked man walking across the screen on Channel 8."

Guy: "Yeah, it's a different spirit not to promote modesty."

Girl: "Yeah, and you gotta know where to draw the line."

CONTINUED...

## WASTED CHARACTERS

would all do really stupid things, and instead they showered me with food and gifts. It looked as if they were up to their old tricks again. Somebody asked, "When are you putting out another issue of *The Daily Uniforce*? We love those!"

Things were getting worse. They said they loved the skewering we gave Josh Luke last semester, and enjoyed having another paper around to keep the *Daily Universe* from getting too self-important. As the meeting got underway, I discovered that the people who ran the *Daily Universe* really weren't all that different from my comrades at *Student Review*. They get annoyed by the red tape at BYU, they have funny names for administrators (Bruce Hafen and Rex Lee are referred to collectively as Bruce Lee), they aren't thrilled by BYUSA ("They wanted their own column in the paper, I told 'em to buy ad space," said one of the editors), and, they have the same longing for truly free press: "There was this one day where nobody was checking our copy. We could have printed anything we wanted to." Don't worry, they didn't.

I officially declared the meeting a disaster. They weren't doing any stupid things, and they were being so nice to me that I was about to buy them all dinner after the meeting. I kept repeating to myself, "These are the people who printed the headline 'More sister missionaries in the field means more lonesome men at home,' it's OK to hate them," but it wasn't working.

Just when I was about to bite into the cyanide capsule my editors had given me, something wonderful happened. Matt Franck started telling a story about how he killed some lady while serving a mission in South America. Actually, he's not quite sure he killed her, but she was not in good shape last time he saw her. It seems that some 85 year-old lady got out of a sanitarium (or prison, or something like that) and was staggering across a busy street. Many cars were able to swerve out of the way, but Elder Franck and his bicycle were not so lucky. He hit her squarely, and he saw her lying face down on the pavement as the police took him away. From what I understand, he was able to straighten things out with the cops and never did any hard time. As a matter of fact, he visited the lady in intensive care until her family told him to stop.

They didn't stop him from leaving the country, so Matt Franck figures he's not in any sort of legal trouble. Like I said, he's not positively sure that the lady actually died. But if you want my opinion, the woman is dead today and it's all the *Daily Universe*'s fault.

I left the meeting feeling that it was not a total waste of time. I never knew how lucky I was to have an editor who has never killed anybody. I also learned that the folks at the *Daily Universe* aren't really that evil after all. Perhaps they're normal people just like me. Or maybe they removed their human-like outer shells as soon as I left the room. I guess we'll never know.

## BLOODHOUND

SHORT FICTION BY LARA CANDLAND

You stay up all night watching movies. You watch *Crash Palace* then *Battle of Algiers* then *Sid & Nancy*. It's hot. The air conditioner doesn't really help. At five a.m. you start *Barfly*. At seven-thirty you watch *Amadeus* for the fifteenth time. At ten o'clock you go to Balducci's for bread and when you return you take a long, long bath.

The bus home from the airport was empty. You curled up on the back seat and slept until Forty Second Street. You cried from the bus to the subway to West Fourteenth. Then you stayed up all night watching movies.

*I am not crazy, you tell yourself. I am not losing my mind.* But after this you will not know for sure. On the phone you say *You're a bully. You bully me. I won't take this.* But you know you will take it. You know you will not walk out.

At the airport you wore a white linen shirt, a short blue skirt and black Joan & David's. You had your purse, your sunglasses, your lipstick. You had a credit card but no cash. You had a back pack and a book from the Hockney exhibit. You looked out on the swamps and electrical wires of Newark. This was not a pretty place. You were reminded of Woody Allen and Mia Farrow running through the swamps in *Broadway Danny Rose*. The landscape looked threatening. It looked hot. You waited for a long, long time by the window, but you did not get what you came for.

The two of you saw the Hockney exhibit together. You have seen it four times already. You watched *Pelle the Conqueror* across from Lincoln Center. Later you watched *Wings of Desire* and at night you went downtown for a Bunuel festival. *New Yorkers are pseudo-sophisticates*, you said. You did not know what this meant, but you knew it was an appropriate thing to say.

You are a very young woman. You do not know what you are saying and you do not know what you are doing.

At home you rip up your pillow with a knife. You do not intend to endow this act with meaning, but your smell on the pillow makes it seem as if you are stabbing yourself. You put papers through a shredder. You eat an Entenman's chocolate cake. You break a plate and a glass and you book a flight for Switzerland which you charge to your American Express. You have a passport. Now all you must do is pack your bags.

The phone rings and you know who it will be. *I am going to Switzerland*, you say. *I will meet you there*, he says. *My film is done*, he says. *I can be there in three days*. You say nothing, then you say, *You*

*will not know how to find me.*

*I will find you*, he says, *you know I'm a bloodhound.* After this you hang up. You know every word was a lie except the part about the bloodhound. You know you would be easy to find.

You are sipping water at First on First. The band is very loud. Johann is telling you what to do in Zurich. Genevieve is telling you to skip it all together, but then she gives you a card with her sister's name in case you need anything. Johann buys the drummer a drink. His name is Israel. Genevieve says when she hears a good drummer she wants to rip her clothes off. You all laugh. Israel buys Genevieve a drink then he plays another set.

In the cab on the way home Johann gives you twenty dollars. He asks you to bring him soap made with milk and shaped like a piece of honeycomb. He tells you where you can buy it. *You will be back*, he says. *I know it. Don't forget I need my soap.*

At three in the morning you call your mother. For some reason you now want her advice—after months of not returning her calls or answering her letters. *First of all*, your mother, whose name is Janet says, *You are too screwed up to go to*

*Switzerland right now. Second of all, you are better off without that man, and third your father, and I won't have money to send you if you need to be bailed out.* You don't like your mother when she is angry, so you tell her you'll write from wherever you decide to go and that you're sorry you woke her. Janet tells you it's time to stop running away from your problems. *You need to face the music*, are Janet's last words before you hang up.

You spread out all your clothes on the floor. You make up a nice bag for Mei Lin upstairs. She has always liked your things. You make up a box for your sister in Utah. You include a pair of long black gloves with tiny buttons from the wrist to the elbow. These gloves belonged to your grandmother. You pack a small black velvet hat with a tiny veil in tissue and a hat box and address it to your mother. You write a note to Mei Lin asking if she would call UPS to mail these things. You tape a twenty dollar bill to the hat box. You roll your jewelry in a satin case. The only valuable piece is a short string of pearls that also belonged to your grandmother. You pack your lipsticks. You leave all your shoes except your Joan & David's and one pair of pumps for Mei Lin. You leave your coat and your scarves for her also. You pack a skirt and jeans and your cashmere sweater. You only take what will fit in one small bag and a back pack. At five in the morning you nap for thirty minutes then call a shuttle to take you to the airport at seven. Your apartment has been swept out. You fold the blanket and pillow you borrowed from Mei Lin and place them outside her door. Genevieve calls you again and tells you she wishes you wouldn't go. She tells you she has a date with Israel that night and that she doesn't think you will like Zurich. *Stay here*, she says. *I wish you would.* You think she sounds like she might cry. You tell her you will write her from wherever you go and you say good-bye. You call the phone company and tell them to shut off your phone. You take a shower. You put on lipstick and earrings and you take your bag downstairs. You wait inside the doors and watch for the shuttle.

The light in the Holland Tunnel is greenish-yellow. This light has always made you feel like you're in a movie. You open the window and put your hand out. Your sweater is rolled up on the seat and you rest your head on it now. You watch the light. *First on first on first on first*, you think. *I am a bloodhound, you think. I am a freaking bloodhound.* Three times that morning you put your pearls on then took

them off. You are glad you decided to wear them. It is light outside and hot. You will go from Newark to L.A. where you will visit your brother for one week. From L.A. you go to Switzerland. You will not return to New York. You promise yourself that. You close your eyes. You are remembering a scene from a book where a Polish woman named Clavdia is wearing a ruby ring. The man who is in love with her cannot take his eyes off that ring. When she enters a room, the jewel will glint and he will notice her ruby every time he sees her. You can see why that would be captivating, though you would have trouble explaining it to anyone else. Clavdia had Slavic eyes and high cheekbones. Her hair was light and curly. You would like to be able to see her, or to see the woman this writer imagined her to be. Clavdia was in Switzerland at a spa in the book. You think she always wore white, as did all the patients, but you are not sure now. She had beautiful arms like you. You fall asleep imagining Clavdia. In your dream you watch her enter the dining room at midday. It is warm and bright. The dishes are beautiful. The people in the room are wearing white, Clavdia enters the room twice wearing not a ruby but a beautiful diamond.

The shuttle arrives at the airport and stops at your terminal. You are trying to open your eyes but it is very difficult. You think that you are awake and paying the driver but you are still stretched across the seat with your eyes closed. You keep imagining that you are walking to catch a plane but you are unable to open your eyes.

You will go to Switzerland. There you will find what you are looking for. There you will find help. You are holding a card with an address. You are trying to open your eyes. The driver has opened your door and is speaking. You must pay him. *I will be there*, you think. *I will find it*, you think. You tell yourself to open your eyes. You are a bloodhound: *nothing nothing nothing will elude you.*



# VIOLENCE AND VIRTUE

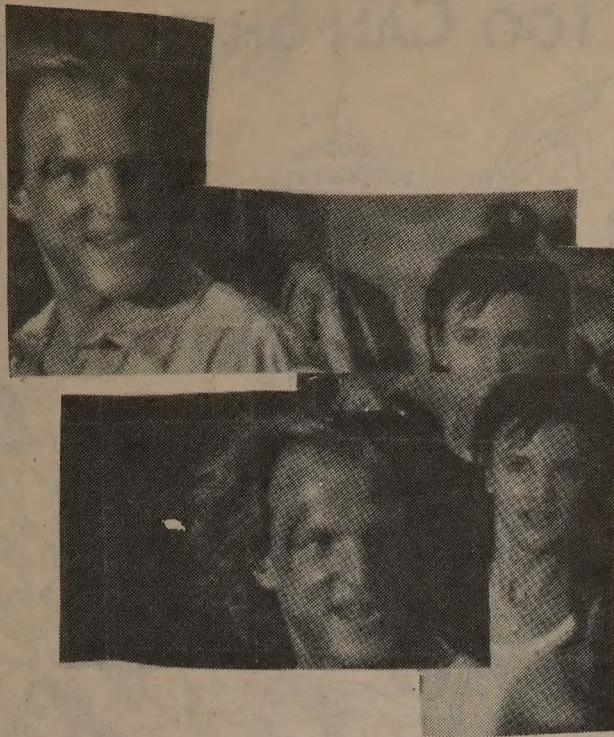
BY LAURA HOLT

When Oliver Stone made *Platoon*, he was hailed by the popular media as the messiah of the American cinema. He was at long last the filmmaker who could redefine American moviemaking, rescuing it from the superficial commercialism of Spielberg, without slavishly imitating the Europeans. He was praised for his gritty, lyrical portrayal of the violence of the Viet Nam war. He was an American prophet, telling an American story, screening for us all our transgressions in bright images, preaching social repentance.

Stone's subsequent films followed the pattern. He continued to tell American stories, about Wall Street and the corruption of money, about JFK and the corruption of war-loving politicians, about Viet Nam veterans, and the corruption of patriotism, and now he has made *Natural Born Killers*, a film which explores the corruption of the future, the rising generation, raised on television, hooked on image, poised to destroy the world.

I saw most of the film through the filter of my fingers. Ten years after seeing *Platoon*, I still have a problem with watching violence. I simply can't keep my eyes open to watch bodies exploding with gun fire, faces wild-eyed with bludgeoning, skin peeled back over protruding bones. Stone's claim is that once again he has used visual violence to enact a kind of "pharmakon," a purging of evil and corruption in the audience. The violence is merely an accessory to the deeper message. The dark cancer he is excising is America's puritan refusal to acknowledge the evil within us all. We simultaneously teach children to hate, and then ask them to express that hatred only in socially acceptable ways. The film fails because it becomes that which it decries. In his American zeal Stone still hasn't learned to wield irony as artfully as weaves a story. The "message" never quite offsets the glamour of its heroes' angst-ridden frenzy, and the impact of the violence alone becomes the focus of the film.

Mickey and Mallory (Woody Harrelson and Juliet Lewis, both masterful performances) find true love and redemption in their bloody marriage. Stone creates an omniscient perspective; we see in fast-cut, multi-media sequences their unconscious minds, memories, images they



have processed, inner thoughts, so we are meant to understand that their serial killing is merely a natural consequence of the emotionally violent world they've had to live in. The film has a feeling of suspension in time; the plot moves vertically as well as horizontally. Their natural inclination to kill is exacerbated by the media attention they receive. In one sequence which imitated a daytime talk show, we see teenagers on the street saying, "Hey, I don't believe in mass murder or anything. But if I were a mass murderer, I'd be Mickey and Mallory." Again, we are meant to see that the media creates violent crime by allowing us to be voyeurs.

Stone places himself in a difficult position. He critiques the media's encouragement of destructive behavior, and yet he is himself an agent of that media. It is an audacious move, as he apparently intends to demonstrate that he is above the level of exploitative talk shows (which one journalist recently declared are responsible for the "white trashing of America") and average news reporters

in his own aesthetic endeavor. But he isn't. The most compelling element of the film is this subtextual irony, the suspense of wondering if he's going to pull it off. But ultimately Stone falls in love with his own destructive handiwork, and the film leaves you with an empty dread.

What intrigues me most about *Natural Born Killers* is that its screenplay was co-written by former BYU student Dave Veloz. And, with eerie coincidence, the movie's release matched the release of BYU professor Brian Evenson's fiction collection *Altmann's Tongue*. Both creative works rely on a portrayal of violence to communicate a didactic message about the corruption of their respective societies. Both represent some of the first evidence of LDS artists emerging in the national literary/artistic scene.

Gordon Lish writes of Brian Evenson that the gap between Evenson's life and the life of his fiction is in large part the source of the impact of his fiction. That is, there is an intriguing dissociatedness to Evenson's fiction since it is so difficult to locate his plots or the personalities he creates in his own identity. Evenson would say that the language has a life of its own. *Natural Born Killers* tries to have a similar dissociation, Oliver Stone attempting to remove himself from the violent media even as he creates a piece of text. We should wonder, as members of the LDS community, what the source of this violence is. Certainly we have reason to reflect on the nature of violence in our spiritual lives. We worship a savior who died for our sakes. We partake symbolically of His flesh and blood. We revere a prophet who was brutally martyred.

Perhaps there is more violence surrounding us than we care to acknowledge. Perhaps we are guilty of what Emmanuel Levinas describes as a "totalizing" of that which is alien, destroying marginal elements in our realm simply because we have the collective power to do so. Perhaps this unspoken, unconscious violence is growing more fierce as we move toward the end of the 20th century, and Oliver Stone's tactics of emotional guerrilla warfare, like Evenson's, are dead on.

## POETRY BY KAE MOFFAT

*At Home With the Gods*

When grey clouds seal off  
The tops of the mountains,  
I think the gods gather  
To discuss punishing the faithless.

I'd like to feel at home  
With them, to have Odin  
Over to my place for some  
Bar-b-qed rack of lamb,

To strap on a work belt  
Heavy with nails,  
A t-square and hammer so I  
Could help Thor remodel Ballhalle,

Or help Venus choose her gown  
For the next Divinity Ball,  
And tell her that her moon-stone necklace  
And Sagittarius slippers must go.

I'd like to bully my way  
Into their closed-door meetings  
And tell them why people  
Don't believe in them anymore.

*Viktor Frankl Visits Dachau*

No one noticed  
the white haired  
mug-handle backed old man  
mumbling about the bunkers  
and the sweetness of rotten wood,

until a vain bag of wrinkles,  
Italian leather, and French shirt  
from Berlin bumped him.  
Her husband accosted him,  
"Look here, don't you be making  
passes at my wife!"

The tour guide  
stopped, and drawled  
in her Bavarianesque German,  
(like vanilla ice cream late in July)  
"Do you mind, Gentlemen?"  
Then a bald banker  
from Munich,  
"I heard you speak in Frankfurt  
fifteen years ago!"

Suddenly everyone was belching questions—  
"What was it like?"  
"Why did you come?"  
"Will you write another book?"  
"Will you sign this for Frau Herber?"  
She's read everything you've ever done."

He rested the end of his cane  
on the wooden planks  
that outline the foundations of the bunkers.  
He noticed a small yellow spider  
crawl out of the dust  
and scuttle across the wood,  
and he felt the quick breeze  
across his cheek.

### Ownership

When my father's father died, he left  
a wooden toolbox with  
water pumps, c-clamps, vices,  
rattail files, planes, paint scrapers,  
wire brushes, nails, screws, staples,  
spiders, splinters, and a half-handled  
tack hammer.



They say that just before the end,  
he talked very loudly, had a head  
of snow, and forgot everybody's name,  
even when he spoke to them face to face.  
What I remember is being locked out  
of the house, taunted by that tyrannical  
tobacco stinking belly, and the St. Louis sun  
laying down for the night...rolling  
with the stars, the moon, and the Mississippi.

With the tools he made houses,  
cabinets, tables, and the staircase  
to his basement—where my father would not  
let me go. They cried vehemently  
when they planted his coffin.  
My father gave me the tool box,  
told me to use them well,  
and to think of the dead  
the dead  
the gone

# ARTS AND LETTERS: YOU TOO CAN SHARE THE FANTASY

BY EMILY ASPLUND

When I first came to college I had faith that all my academic dreams would come true. I imagined I would be staying up late every night with a study group grappling with metaphysical questions that would make Kant blush. People in smokey coffeehouses wearing big hairy sweaters would shout poems at each other. Brilliant professors in tweed coats with suede elbow patches would take me under their academic wings and write ravishing letters of recommendation for me.

I soon realized, however, that I was attending BYU. I did stay up late at night in the dorms talking with my friends, but the topics ranged from "how to make brownies that will turn people's urine blue" to "who is the bigger fox: Billy or Jake;" not from Bakhtin to Freud (actually, I can remember a few conversations that had decidedly Freudian slants to them). I noticed that when people got home from their classes they didn't give their studies a second thought, and there was certainly no extracurricular learning going on. They just hit the Cannon Center and stuffed their faces with "Better-Than-Sex Pie" and chicken strips. I realized that many of the people I met had different reasons for attending BYU from mine; which is not to say that the thought of meeting that special someone here has never crossed my mind, but that I had hoped to improve my mind *somewhat* while I was here.

So I have wandered around for the past two years trying to find a place to, in the words of the fabulous Linda Richman, *discuss*. Discuss anything and everything. Late at night, when only the lobby lovers are awake, I have been heard to cry out

CONTINUED...

## SUICIDE

I roasted a marshmallow over my gas stove yesterday

If abortion is legal, suicide should be too. Isn't that what that Kevorkian guy is fighting for? If unwilling mothers-to-be have the right to do whatever they want to with their own bodies, then why doesn't everyone else?

People keep pelting me with this "permanent solution to a temporary problem" crap. Isn't life permanent enough? True—things *do* get better sometimes, and life seems okay. I get along with my friends, and get good grades on my papers—but don't the good times just make it worse when the bad times come back?

washing my hair is the greatest  
it smells nice when it gets in my face

The bad times always do come back. And if I'm going to Hell anyway, then why not speed up the process? I don't want to just live and live and see how much worse I can get. Maybe suicide is just another escape, but why not? I like escape.

driving up the canyon in the middle of the night just to think

I keep making the same mistakes and doing the same things over and over and over again in my life. I can't deal with the same old thing very long, and lately, I can't deal with anything. I can't think, I can't concentrate, I always have a constant pounding in my



"Where is my forum? Where are my people?" That is, until a week ago, when I was awarded (ie. I showed up and was interested) the position of **Editor of Arts and Letters**. "Ah," I thought to myself, "here is my place! This is my community of discourse!"

And now here I am; writing a letter to you, my devoted readers. Let me now define my position, as I see it, to you. I am, in essence, the *Student Review's* resident dilettante. Since I can't really produce anything artistic myself, but I like the arts so much, I get people who can do stuff to

give me that stuff. I then retype this stuff onto Macintosh, being careful to single space after concluding punctuation, and give it to the people who run this show. I'm like the retail distributor of knowledge.

Since the direction the previous paragraph was beginning to take was a little depressing, I will move on to my **Arts and Letters Mission Statement**. My mission is to destroy all liberal voices on...no wait, that's the dittoheads. My mission, in all seriousness, is to gather together what I consider (with much help and advice from actual artists, thank you

Brian and Marni and Greg and Lara) to be good and important materials for you to read. I will be including plenty of fiction and poetry, written by students, faculty members, LDS writers outside BYU, and hopefully some stuff, with the help of my close friend Gordon Lish, from nationally published writers. I will also solicit reviews of art exhibits, books, movies, theatre, and anything else you want to hear about. I sincerely hope to create some kind of artistic community that might provide some of you with the beginnings of a love for the arts, or help those of you who are lost like I was to have the kind of experiences you hope to have. And then, when you have become enlightened, *you* can be the **Editor of Arts and Letters!** How does that sound?

As I embark on my journey to self-actualization and literary bliss I invite you all to join me. I know you have always ached to enter into a community of artistic discourse; now's the time to do it! Here's how: read this section, write for this section, write to me about this section, ask me out, stay up late talking about what the scarlet 'A' stands for. I'm going to end this letter before it gets altogether too silly. I hope you enjoy this section. I have had to get the past two issues together very quickly, but everyone I have contacted has been willing to give me stuff to print. Thank you, and again, thank you. Once again, thank you. I just can't thank you enough. Thank you.

Sincerely, Emily Asplund (373-9731 - I love going to Movies 8 and I'm free every evening. Think about it, that's all I ask)

head, and I just feel generally gross. So why go on living? I'm not sure. There seems like a lot of reasons to commit suicide, but I just can't.

I like to go to the park and swing on the swings.

Maybe it is selfish to live—especially with this overpopulation problem I keep hearing about—but I guess I think that suicide is even more selfish. Wasn't Tom being selfish when he crashed his airplane into the ground? Pain is sad, and I didn't want Tom to have to go through all the suffering associated with having cancer—but how is Christina's life now? How is Sandy's? Does suicide ever improve things—and is it ever "painless" like the *M\*A\*S\*H* theme song tells us? Did Tom's suicide prevent more suffering than it caused?

on my friend's fishing trip to Alaska he caught two hundred pounds of fish  
he doesn't like fish, but he had fun

Things do get worse—and better, and worse, and better again. Maybe the good makes the bad times worse, and maybe it makes them survivable. God really is there, and He really does love us. I don't know how I will ever crawl out of my hole of a life, but God still trusts me, and He thinks I can do it, so maybe I can. Maybe suicide would be the answer if the bad obliterated the good, but it doesn't. There are good things that happen almost every day. And I can remember life being good, even when it doesn't feel that way at the time.

Suicide is wrong for the same reason abortion is wrong. Our decisions do affect other people, much as we would like to think they don't. Can we seriously decide that ending our suffering is more important than trying not to bring it on someone else? Even if suicide did only affect us personally, it still destroys human potential. There is something eternally wrong with that.

C.S. Lewis's *Till We Have Faces* is my favorite book

And in the movie *Shadowlands* he says, "as a boy I chose safety; as a man I choose suffering. Now the pain is part of the happiness." We have to take the good along with the bad. God knows what He's doing. That's the deal.

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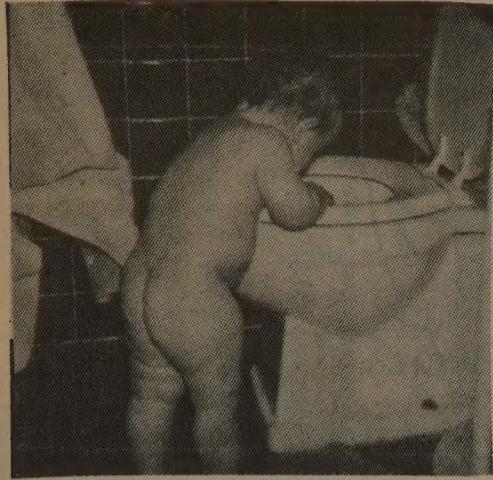
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# ALBUM REVIEW: MOIST'S "SILVER"

BY E. BEECROFT

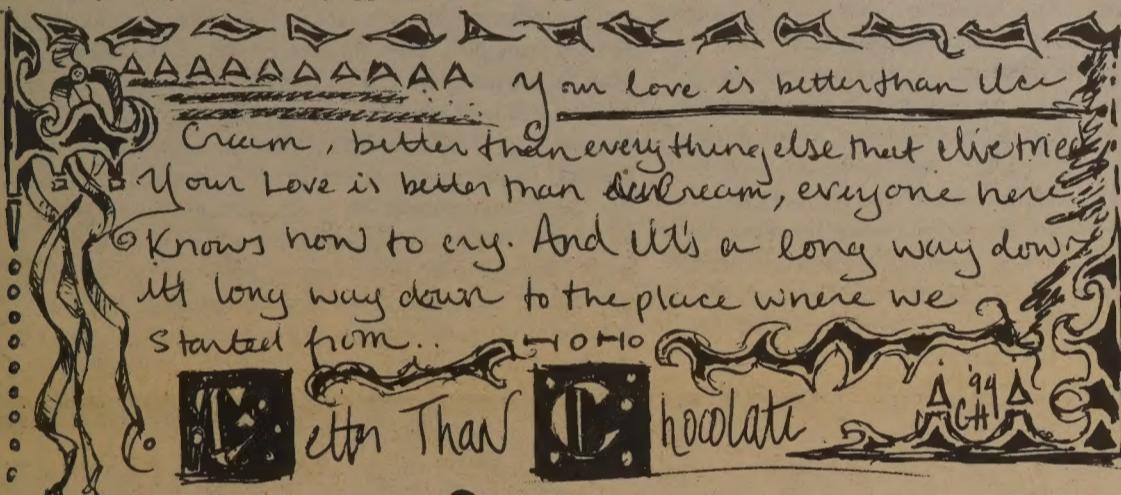
Moist is a new band hailing from Vancouver, British Columbia. They've been around since November 1992, and their debut CD, "Silver," pretty much rocks. Sounding like a mix between Candlebox and the Clash, these guys play cool music. The songs are rather hard to describe, but I expect a few cuts to start receiving airplay soon. Though they hail from Canada, the lead singer, David Usher, sings with an unusual, almost British accent, sounding like Mick Jones.



With lyrics like "Came to grind me into stone/polishing the angled flesh and bone/the smallest cut to drain my soul/precious words of comfort swallowed whole" this album can be harsh. I first thought I would hate this album, because the lyricsheet and photos of the band looked just like another grunge/alterna-metal ripoff. However, I was very surprised when I listened to the album, because I actually liked these guys.

The songs are relatively fast, but, unlike many bands of this nature, Moist contains a keyboard player, which adds an unusual twist to their songs. The band consists of five musicians, and, according to their promo page, "A road manager, a sound guy, a roadie with a bad haircut, over 400 comic books, a goldfish and a hell of a lot of t-shirts stuffed into a van." Hmm...

The disc has 11 songs on it, the first being "Push," which actually came from their first self-titled cassette release from 1993. The boys play very well together, giving an experienced, coherent sound that only comes from years together. This band is on tour somewhere, either in Canada or the States. According to Mark, the bands' guitarist, "We're going to keep coming to people's towns until they come out and see us. And we mean to be pretty relentless about it." I expect these guys will play Salt Lake City soon—at least once. This is definitely a new band worth listening to, and I think that they will have two kinds of listeners: those that hate the band, and those that absolutely love them. Check out this disc at a store near you. Oh yeah, listen to it before you buy it. It will only appeal to a certain type of listener—hopefully a discerning one.



## RETRO REVIEW: SARAH McLACHLAN'S "TOUCH"

BY E. BEECROFT

Lately, it seems Sarah McLachlan has become something of a household name. With the recent success of her newest album, "Fumbling Towards Ecstasy," this Canadian has been receiving rave reviews from south of the border. Quite a few of her newest fans don't know that Sarah has two other albums as well as a wealth of singles and a live disc. The work that I'm concentrating on here, though, is Sarah's first album, "Touch," which went gold in Canada, yet receives little attention in the States. This work came about when Sarah was 19. Discovered when 17 years old by Nettwerk Records (while performing with a new wave band in Halifax), her parents wouldn't let her sign a contract since she was still in high school. After a few years, Nettwerk again offered, and "Touch" is the result.

While not as refined and mature as her newest work, "Touch" is still an excellent album. The piece contains 10 songs, all very emotional and evocative. Though Sarah mainly relies on traditional "rock" instruments, she also pulls a lot of material from her own classical music background. She uses a twelve-string and a classical guitar as well as a piano to create tense, picturesque worlds of love lost and relationships gone amiss.

Sarah's voice is by far the most important part of her music. Though not as practiced as on her later works, her vocal range and power are excellent, and the CD format expresses this very well. Personally, it took me quite a while to get used to her voice. However, once I did, my appreciation and admiration grew immensely, as did my love of her music. The strongest work on this album is probably "Steaming." In this song Sarah reaches intense emotional climaxes with lines like "Hold on tight/hold on fast/this ain't the kind/that always lasts" and "Lying awake in these restless dreams/life's never what it seems/I've always tried to read your eyes/to get inside that scornful mind."

Sarah McLachlan's lyrical meanings are often obscure or hidden and require many listenings to decipher.

This can be frustrating at first, yet after the listener acquires the meaning, the songs become much more powerful than the average Top 40 schlock. Sarah's talent only continues to grow, as will be easily evidenced by anyone who listens to this album and then her newest work. This is a great purchase, and can often be found lower-priced than her later discs. For anyone who already likes this artist as well as anyone who's remotely interested, "Touch" is a young woman's first effort, and a very substantial one at that.

## QUOTABLES...

Morrissey on fighting:

"You react instantly. Your body really obeys this sense of attack within your mind. It's great. You should try it on a waiter."

New Order's Stephen Morris on Ian Curtis' (of Joy Division) suicide:

"Why did (Ian) kill himself? He must have had a bad day, I suppose."

Beastie Boy's Adam Horovitz on marriage:

"You think you'll get married and that'll be it. But I'm just as retarded as I ever was, only now I have a partner in crime."

PROJEKT IS THE DARKEST THING SINCE MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY!



EVAN MECHAM

## PROJEKT: A DARK LABEL FOR DARK TIMES

BY JOHN F. NOBBS

For anyone wanting to get out of the X-96 mainstream and explore the deeper undercurrents of musical talent that's available, try listening to anything put out by the Projekt label. This small independent label, which operates out of California, offers a wide variety of unusual music. The compilation album I listened to was entitled "From Across This Grey Land." It sampled ten different bands from a variety of locales: Australia to England, Arizona to Belgium.

Love Spirals Downwards, my favorite, is a Cocteau Twins-esque blend of haunting melodies and piercing vocals. Of the two songs I listened to, the best by far was "Forgo," which sounds like angels singing inside one of the ancient pyramids.

For those who like a gothic-ambient approach to life, bands Eden, Soul Whirling Somewhere and Black Tape for a Blue Girl will be very appealing. Although each band has a different style and flavor to its music, poetic lyrics combined with spiritual and sometimes sensual topics are gentle and inspiring.

Attrition's song "A Girl Called Harmony" sounds like a cross between Bauhaus and a German opera—definitely unique. Also with Peter Murphy-style vocals was a band called Thanatos. Dark, dark, dark! After listening to their version of "That's The Way (I Like It)" I felt like playing a few games of Russian roulette.

But I was quickly brought to life again as I listened to Vidna Obmana. Their classical piano instrumental, entitled "Awaken Floating in Colours," was like a slim and soothing bath of sunlight. Meditation was inevitable.

The bands associated with Projekt show effectively that great music can be composed without guitar riffs and drum solos. The complexity of each band's sound is impressive.

For a free catalogue of all of the available sounds put out by Projekt write to: Projekt P.O. Box 1591 Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591. They have a wide selection, the CDs are competitively priced, and once you are on the mailing list you'll be sent occasional postcards detailing special discounts and new releases.

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# RELIGION

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

BY STACEY FORD

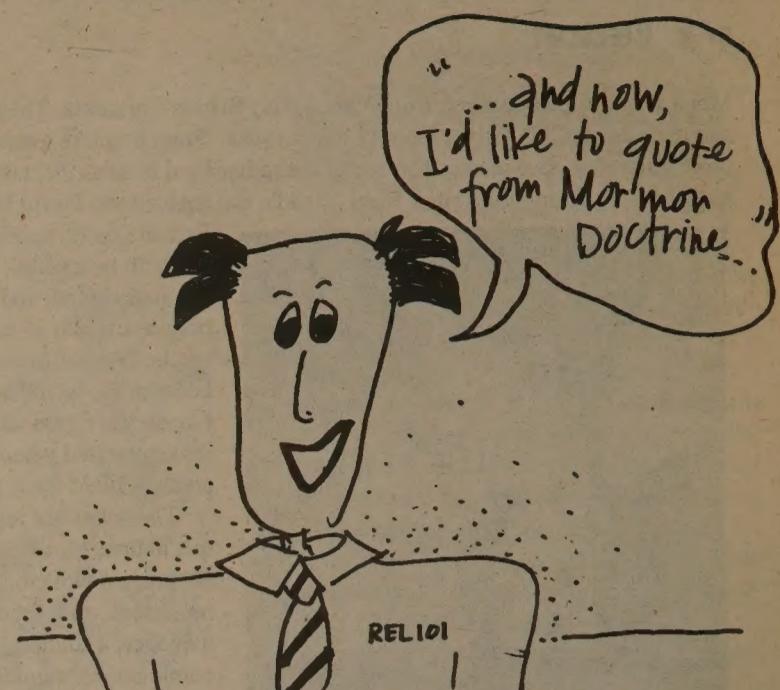
At BYU, as many people know, students are required to take fourteen hours of religion classes as part of their general curriculum. More often than not, these classes prove to be more of a pain than an inspiration, hence the debate over whether religion classes should offer a pass/fail grade rather than a standard letter grade. In one of my religion classes this semester, we were given a question and answer sheet regarding religious education at Brigham Young University. This sheet says that, "It is anticipated that students will achieve a balanced education, will leave BYU built up in their faith and commitment to the Lord and his kingdom as they are prepared to engage the world of ideas and work through education or training in their chosen field." Frankly, many of my religion classes have done more challenging than building of my faith. If what they are teaching us as true doctrine is really the way it is, then I am not sure whether or not this is really what I want to believe.

Let me preface the rest of my remarks by saying that I am well aware that religion teachers often inject their own opinions into the lessons, and I can and do distinguish between what is their opinion and what is actual doctrine. Also, not all religion teachers do this. I love my Old Testament class, and so far it has been tremendously inspiring, which I assume is part of the point of having religion classes. The point I wish to make is that many teachers present the material in such a way that we feel we are on the verge of damnation unless we agree wholeheartedly with their outlook on what they are teaching. That is neither an effective nor a constructive way to teach.

I often go home after my Doctrine and Covenants class (Religion 325) livid over what the teacher has presented that day. Because I am human, and because I have very patient friends, I complain to them, screaming about how much I hate religion classes. When they ask me why, I can never come up with a good, solid reason for why it disturbs me so much. Today in my Doctrine and Covenants class I realized why it bothers me so much. We are told, in that class, in Sunday School, and other classes, that we have the

freedom of choice: the freedom to worship as we see fit, to form our own opinions, and to judge for ourselves the validity and relevance of the scriptures, teachings, and other elements of the Gospel in our lives. However, if we do not think what we are told is the right and good thing to think, then we are wrong. We do not have a different perspective; we don't have a different view. We are wrong, and most likely are not going to be saved unless we turn ourselves around and start thinking the way we have been told to think. For instance, in class today we were given a quote about General Conference in which two different views were presented: one, that it was the best conference ever, and the other that it was a waste of time. The professor then asked the class to contribute to a list of things that would cause one to not think that it was the best conference ever, then asked us if we thought that it was. In the ensuing discussion, I gathered that if one was not under the impression that it was the best conference ever, one possessed the following attributes: one did not prepare oneself well enough, was not living worthy enough to feel the spirit, or wasn't listening as closely as one should.

My problem with this is that we were asked a question, then given the choice to either answer it correctly or answer it incorrectly. This would be fine if it were a simple question such as "Does two plus two equal four?" But questions dealing with these and other, graver matters posed in the same way are not questions of absolute value. They are more often than not prefaced by "Do you think..." or "What do you think..." I don't believe the teachers of whom I speak truly want us to think. The instructions given to us before we are allowed to answer the questions indicate to me that the teachers are not interested in what we think, but only in what we are instructed to think. Now, don't you think that this manner of teaching takes all the point out of thinking? For that matter, on a somewhat deeper level, doesn't it take away the entire purpose of



learning?

If we are to truly believe in something, we need to know why we believe it. Knowledge does not come to us wrapped up in a nice package. We have to search for it and, once we find it, we have to examine it and decide for ourselves whether or not it is true. We have to think about it, which brings me to my original point that if we are told what and how to think, then we aren't really thinking. If religion teachers really want to know what we think about Gospel principles, the scriptures, or General Conference, they should not preface their remarks with instructions as to what and how we should be thinking, and what will happen to us in the hereafter if what and how we are thinking is not correct. If teachers truly want us to build up our "faith and commitment to the Lord and his kingdom" as we are "prepared to engage the world of ideas and work" in our chosen field, then we need to be given the opportunity to explore these ideas on our own. And we need to be given the opportunity to say what we really think without fear of condemnation from our earthly teachers of religion, who really have no right to judge.

## CLIMBING TOWARD HEAVEN

BY SARA DAUGHERTY

Some people search for God in mosques. Some people search in shrines. Some people search in temples. And while He can definitely be found in all of these places, I find God in nature. Far, far away from the black toxins of Geneva Steel, far from the Franklin planners, motorcycles, and Varsity Theater of the BYU campus, and far from the distractions of mindless conversation: this is where I find God. The earth, created under the direction and by the hands of God, is one of His prize possessions. And it is not until we rediscover the earth that we will really be able to understand the nature of its Creator. Out in nature, the seemingly powerful distractions of the world are impotent, and I am completely surrounded by beauty that has existed for centuries.

I have walked up Slate Canyon in the summertime, when it is hot and dusty in Provo, but hot and beautiful up above. While it is narrow and rocky at first, it soon opens up to a vast grassy meadow, and Provo Peak startles you as you round the corner into the meadow. It looms up to over 11,000 feet at its highest peak and the way to the top is filled with many obstacles. The aspens, a clear, calm green, whistle a tinsel sound across the valley and up the side of the mountain. Where wildflowers grow, the hillside is carpeted with colors that could never be replicated by DuPont in a carpet factory. The trails wind about, causing little destruction to the beauty that has existed for centuries.

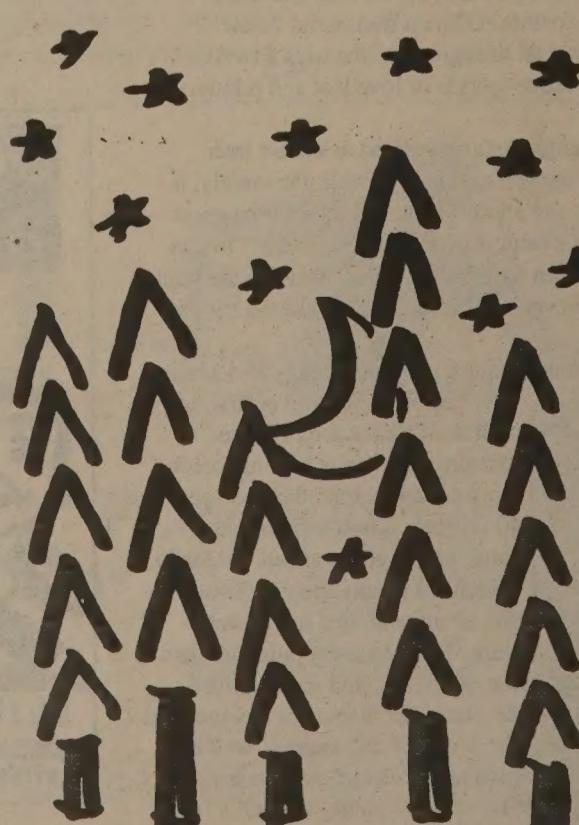
Mountain climbing is very similar to finding God. When I was in Colorado this summer, we set out to climb Mt. Sneffles, which rises to over 14,000 feet at its highest peak, making Provo Peak look like a mere rolling hill. We started out long after the sun had set, but not long after the full moon had risen over the mountain. The trail began in the Wilderness of the San Juan Mountains, and wound around up to Blue Lakes, where we camped for the night. We were the only people there and we shared our camp with chipmunks and other small animals. Part of the thrill is being in a place that can only be reached by the strain of two legs. The next day, though, was the real test. It was a difficult climb of 6,000 feet. The trail often became rocky and very narrow, and we walked carefully on the side of the mountain, balancing our packs so as not to topple under their weight. So it is in finding God. The trail may appear to be very straight and very easily followed, but as we come nearer to God, there are many things which are laid before us to obstruct our vision.

Breathing comes fast and heavy after spending hours walking uphill; it would have been so easy to stop and decide to go no further. The climb was hard. But I kept going because I knew it would be worth it, even though I had never been to the top. I was going on the faith of those in the group who had done it before, and trusting that it would really be worth it to me.

After reaching 13,000 feet, I didn't know if I would really make it to the top, yet I knew that I could not go back without at least finding out what was there. So I continued. The closer I got to the top, the steeper it became, and the mountain seemed to suck every last drop of energy I could find. It took some deep searching to come up with the mental and emotional energy required to conquer Mt. Sneffles' rocky peak. Similarly, the nearer we come to finding God, the harder the path becomes. It was not until I climbed through the crevice in the rocks and came out on the top that I appreciated the pain of my body and spirit. Climbing up the final hundred feet was a blur, and it was easier than if someone had been on the peak holding down a rope.

When I finally sat on the peak, I looked around at the many mountain ranges which surround the San Juans, and at the San Juans themselves, which extend forever in the distance. I realized that this was the closest I had ever physically been to Heaven since I had been on the earth, and it was a marvelous feeling. The lines of communication between God and myself seemed so much clearer and less inhibited by distractions than they had ever been. The road to finding God had not been easy, but it had definitely been worth it. It was not only a humbling feeling, but also one of great satisfaction.

The most valuable things in the world are not the easy things, the ones we obtain with no effort. It is when we give our whole soul to a cause that we truly feel the richness of the reward. My communication with God is worth so much more when I search for God, when I push my body and spirit to their limits to find Him. But, just like no one can force me to climb a mountain, no one can force me to exert that kind of effort to find God. C.S. Lewis said, "Praying doesn't change God, it changes me." For me it is important to escape the niggling distractions of this mundane world, and find myself alone where the air is clear and the lines of communication are free. Nature, as a wise friend once said, truly testifies of its Maker.



STUDENT REVIEW PRESENTS

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OCTOBER 28  
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# HALLOWEEN

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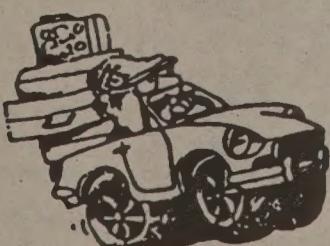
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# CALENDAR

If you would like to list some event or otherwise important goings on please contact Julee at 377-6676, or the Student Review Office at 377-2980.

## THE ARTS & WHATNOT:

**Playing for Time**, presented by the BYU Theatre, thru 10/15, tickets available at 378-HFAC.

**Aladdin & the Wonderful Lamp**, thru 10/29 at Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, call 298-1302 for more info.

**A Tale of Two Cities**, 10/26-11/2 at Pioneer Memorial Theatre, call 581-6961 for tickets and showtimes.

**West Side Story**, thru 11/10 at Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, call 298-1302 for more info.

**Phantom of the Opera**, thru 11/12 at Desert Star Playhouse, 4861 S State, Murray, call 266-7600 for tickets and showtimes.

**The Curious Savage**, thru 11/19 at the Hale Center Theater, 225 W 400 N, Orem, call 226-8600 for tickets and showtimes.

**Hansel and Gretel**, thru 11/19 at City Rep., 638 S State St, call 532-6000 for more info.

**The Nerd**, thru 10/19 at the Egyptian Theatre in Park City, call 649-9371 for reservations and info.

**International Cinema**, showing 10/11-15, The Story of Qui Ju (Chinese), Requiem for Dominic (German), SWKT on the BYU Campus.

**Tower Theatre**, showing 10/14-20, Sex, Drugs, Democracy; Helas Pour Moi, in SLC at 876 E 900 S, call 297-4041 for showtimes.

**Geir Henning Braaten**, 10/14 at 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, tickets available at 378-HFAC or

Fine Arts Ticket Office.  
**Doris Humphrey Repertory Dance Co.**, 10/14-15 at 7:30 pm, in the Pardoe.

## CONCERTS & LIVESHOWS:

**Playing at Mama's Cafe**, shows starting around 9 pm:  
**Bill Bunn**, acoustic guitar on 10/13.

**Jared Harris** on 10/14.  
**Brenda Andrus** on 10/15.

**Crop Circles** on 10/17.

**Brown-Eyed Women** on 10/18.

**Jake & the Fat Men** on 10/19. (or call the Mama's hotline at 371-8452)

**Agnes Poetry**, playing 10/14-15 at Pier 54, 117 N Univ Ave, begin seating at 9:30, band starts at 10 pm, \$4.00 cover.

**Candlebox, w/ Flaming Lips & Mother Tongue**, 10/13 at SaltAir, 7:30 pm, tickets available thru Smith's Tix.

**The Specials w/ Let's Go Bowling & Stretch Armstrong**, 10/13 at 7 pm, UofU Ballroom, \$5 w/ UofU id, \$10.00 general, tickets available at Sonic Garden.

**Lyle Lovett**, 10/15 at Abravanel Hall, tickets available at all Smith's Tix outlets.

**"6 Bands 6 Bucks" w/ Agnes Poetry, Ali Ali Oxen Free, Peter Breinholt and Big Parade, Clover, Headshake, and Sofa**, 10/17 at 7 pm at the Edge in Provo, tickets at Sonic Garden and Crandall Audio.

**Prong w/ Drown and Clutch**, 10/17 at Club DV8, call 539-8400 for more info.

**Nine Inch Nails, w/ Marilyn Manson and the Jim Rose Circus**, 10/18 at the Delta Center, tickets available thru Smith's Tix.

**Wynton Marsalis**, 10/18 at Abravanel Hall, call 355-ARTS

for ticket info.

**Suzanne Westenhofer**, 10/21 at the Behavioral Science Aud. on UofU Campus, tickets at Smith's Tix outlets.

**George Strait**, w/ Michelle Wright, 10/21 at 8 pm, Delta Center, tickets available at Smith's Tix outlets or 800-888-TIXS.

**Rolling Stones**, w/ special guest Seal, 10/23 at Rice Stadium, sorry folks, tickets are gone.

**Iceburn, Engine Kid, Ampersand & State of the Nation**, 10/24 at 7:30 pm, only \$6 at the Edge in Provo, tickets available at Sonic Garden or Crandall Audio.

**The Bosstones**, 10/26 at the Lumbyard Skatepark.

**Happy Valley Halloween Bash, Stretch Armstrong CD Release w/ Model Citizen and Numbs**, 10/31 at 8 pm, costume party at the Edge, tickets are \$5 and available at Sonic Garden or Crandall Audio.

**Live w/ Weezer and Fatima Mansions**, 11/5 at the Fairgrounds Coliseum.

**ONGOING:**  
**Institute of Terror Haunted House**, open in SLC, downtown Provo and Newgate Mall thru 10/31.

**Haunted Hollywood**, at Utah State Fairpark, open T-Th from 6:30-10 pm, Fri-Sat from 7-midnight, 466-1809 thru 10/31.

**Rocky Point Haunted House**, at 3390 S State in SLC and 2276 Washington Blvd in Ogden, benefits the American Diabetes Assoc, call 363-3024 for info.

**Haunted Woods**, at Wheeler Historic Farms, 6351 S 900 E, or call 264-2241 for info.

**Matuschka**, art exhibit thru 11/10 at Salt Lake Art Center, 20 S

West Temple.

**Heber Valley Railroad**, season ends 10/30, call 581-9980 or 654-5601 for times.

**KHQN Radio & Krishna Temple**, hold a 10-course vegetarian feast every Sunday at 6 pm, program includes mantra meditation, films and a talk on Bhagavad gita, temple is located at 8628 S Main St in Spanish Fork, or call 798-3559 for directions or info.

**Gallery 303**, presents a 3-dimensional art exhibit thru 10/27, open M-T from 10-5, W-Th from 10-8 in the HFAC.

**BYU Museum of Art**, presents 150 yrs. of American Painting and CCA Christensen's Mormon Panorama.

**Hansen Planetarium**, at 15 S State in SLC, shows include Laser-Fusion, Laser-U2 and Laser-Grunge.

**AIDS Testing**, low cost, anonymous or confidential at Salt Lake City/County Health Dept, 610 S 200 E, daytime clinic at 534-4666, evening clinic (Thur only) at 534-4572.

**Earth Science Museum**, showcases a Jurassic fossil collection, open 9-5 weekdays, for more info, call 378-3680.

**Mormon Tabernacle Choir Rehearsals**, Thursdays from 8-9:30 pm, Tabernacle on Temple Square.

**Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word"**, Sundays, be in seats by 9:15 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square.

**BYU Planetarium**, call 378-4361 for scheduling, 378-5396 for a recording of shows.

## EVENTS:

Threads of Life brown bag

series, 10/13 at 11 am, presented by Women's Services & Resources, "Tangled Relationships: A Shared Discussion", 357 ELWC.

**World Championship Wrestling**, Ric Flair vs. Hulk Hogan and more! 10/14 at 7:30 pm in the Delta Center, tickets at Smith's Tix outlets or 800-888-TIXS.

**Westminster College Reunion Jazz Concert**, 10/14 at 8 pm in Jay W. Lees Courage Theater, call 488-4111 for info.

**Snowbird Ski & Sport Swap**, 10/14-16 at the Snowbird Event Center, call 521-6040 for info.

**National Holistic Fair**, a symposium for all people interested in wellness, at the Expo Mart, 230 W 200 S in SLC, call 800-643-9355 for info.

**Snowbird's Oktoberfest**, weekends until 10/16 with German food, music and dance, 521-6040 x4080.

**Philadelphia 76'ers v. Minnesota Timberwolves**, 10/19 at 7:30 pm in the BYU Marriott Center, for tickets call 378-BYU1.

**Warren Miller's "Vertical Reality"**, showing at Tower Theatre in SLC on 11/11-13; at UVSC Student Ballroom on 11/12 at 7 & 9:30 pm; at Sundance Resort Screening Room on 11/10 at 7 & 9:30 pm.

**EDITOR'S PICK:** Whatever you do, don't miss **The Specials** playing the 13th on the UofU Campus. Also, catch the six bands playing at the Edge on the 17th. All those groups for six bucks?? Incredible!

Sonic Garden presents Live at the Edge...

# STRETCH armstrong

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